

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1918

NINEPENCE.



SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S BABY SON: HIS FIRST PORTRAIT.

We give with great pleasure the first photograph taken of the first son of the famous British Field-Marshal, Sir Douglas Haig. He was born on March 16, at Eastcott, Kingston-on-Thames. Lady Haig, it is interesting to know, was attended by a lady doctor. Both the mother

and child are doing well. Sir Douglas Haig, K.T., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E., was married to the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, daughter of the third Baron Vivian, in 1905, and they have two daughters. The King will, it is believed, be godfather to the son of the Field-Marshal.

Photograph by G.P.U.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Daily Round.

*The daily round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask.*

So runs the famous old hymn, grim spectre of boyhood's days. Nothing had the power to depress me quite so much as that hymn. It was so desperately and inevitably true, yet so exactly the reverse of the picture of Life as one painted it in one's fancy. It left no room for adventure, no loophole for deeds of glory, no prospect of transcendental excitement. I sang it, of course, as one sang everything there was to be sung; but I sang it without enthusiasm. I much preferred "Christian, dost thou see them?" with its first four lines chan'ed in a mysteriously low monotone, and the second four defiantly yelled at the full force of the lungs. Something like a hymn, that is!

I am not at all sure that the daily round, the common task, *should* furnish all we need to ask. I used to watch the blacksmith as he sang this cheerful dirge. He was a fine fellow—bronzed, broad-chested, and endowed with the smile of an angel. Was he really content to hit white-hot horse-shoes all day long and weed his bit of garden in the evening? Yes, I suppose he was. He had begun by fitting himself into the groove, and now the groove had grown up about him and held him fast for ever. He died within a few yards of his anvil, and was buried not so far from the pew from which he had so often protested that the daily round, the common task, would furnish all he needed to ask.

The Adventurous Souls.

We had adventurous spirits in our midst, none the less. Quiet fellows to all appearance, yet with unrest in their souls. They would go on year after year in the same old way. They too, I have no doubt, constantly averred that the daily round, the common task, furnished all they needed to ask. They lied, of course, and they must have known that they lied. Even as they sang, their minds must have been guiltily busy with the torn atlas in the bottom drawer of the old bureau that showed one the exact route to South America, and the distance, and the various ports of call.

Ports of call! Is there any Englishman so sturdily phlegmatic that he can repeat that phrase without a pumping of blood in the head and a creepy feeling all down the spine? Ports of call, eh? The only ports of call they knew at present were the bowling-green, and the "Blue Swan," and the market-place—if a peripatetic cheap-jack condescended to pay us a visit of a Saturday evening.

But the old atlas would have its way with them, sooner or later. We would get up one fine morning to discover that Mr. Monday, that quiet, inoffensive little man with the squint, whose head was so well known as it bent over the cobbler's bench that it had become an institution in the small town, had pushed his little boat off in the night and set his course for the ports of call beyond the romantic horizon.

What They Took With Them.

And what did they take with them, these rural Ulysses? Our love? Our respect? Our admiration? Our earnest good wishes?

I fear not. I fear that we regarded them as warriors who have turned their backs on the foe. The daily round, the common task were still to be performed by us, whilst these renegades were quaffing the wine of freedom in ports of call. We resented, in point of fact, their independence of mind and body.

Some of them, I am bound to say, hacked somewhat savagely at the painter just before slipping forth upon the ocean. A sudden fury seems to have seized them—a sudden detestation of all that they had professed and all that they had been forced to observe. One would leave a wife and children behind him, to be taken care of by the parish or distant relations. Another—and this, I regret to say, happened more than once—would load his little boat with the savings of his comrades, the savings entrusted to him as treasurer of some local fund. Indeed, the last few days of the financial year

of these co-operative nest-eggs must have been highly exciting to those members who had not the care of the bullion.

Ah, well! They disappeared, anyway, and were seldom heard of again. Which gave one pause, and afforded food for conjecture.

Grey Heads to the Front!

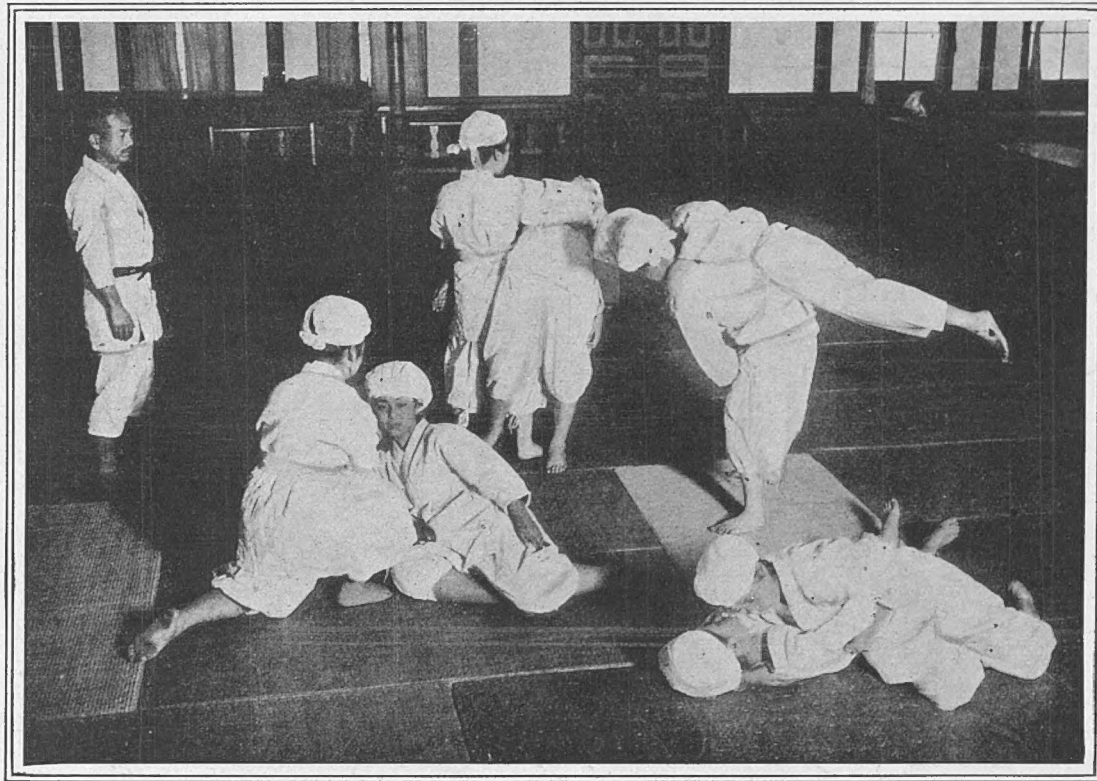
This reminiscent mood is the outcome of a visionary picture—a picture of half-a-million grey-headed gentlemen, who resigned themselves years and years ago to the daily round, the common task, called upon at last to quit the home, and the office,

and the shop, and the warehouse, and the mart, and stand forth, shoulder to shoulder, for the defence of the battered shores of Old England. At the moment of writing all is unsettled; yet that visionary picture will almost certainly take concrete shape before the English summer is at the full and the sound of the hay-cutting machine is heard in the land.

How will they take it, our phalanxes of grey-heads? Will they be able to recapture the spirit of adventurous youth? How will they submit themselves to the precise and urgent discipline of military life, these heads of businesses and fathers of grown-up families and small kings of their own domains?

Let them but be assured that England's need is great enough, and there will be no doubt as to the issue. Grumbings there will be, and murmurings, but these will presently mingle harmoniously enough with the droning of the summer countryside and the roar of the surf beating against the steadfastly guarded coasts of England. Young eyes may be sharper, but no eye so steady as that which is shaded by a shaggy eyebrow.

Let the Hun, day or night, try to escape the vigilance of that steady eye!



AT THE TOKIO HIGHER NORMAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: STUDENTS LEARNING JU-JITSU—FOR EXERCISE AND SELF-DEFENCE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

IN THE ASCENDANT: RISING STARS OF COMEDY AND FARCE.



PLAYING "LEAD" AS BETTY TARADINE IN "BILLEDED" ON TOUR: MISS HELEN MORRIS.



A NEW YORK FAVOURITE FOR LONDON: MISS HELEN RAYMOND, TO APPEAR IN "BE CAREFUL, BABY."



TO APPEAR IN "FAIR AND WARMER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MISS BILLIE CARLETON.



LEADING LADY IN THE PINERO WORDLESS PLAYLET, "MONICA'S BLUE BOY": MISS MARY GLYNNE.

Miss Helen Morris is touring in "Billested" in the leading part played by Miss Iris Hoey, at the Royalty.—Miss Helen Raymond, a great favourite in New York, has come over to play in "Be Careful, Baby," a new farce to be produced at the Apollo, on April 7.—Miss Billie Carleton is to be seen in the farce, "Fair and Warmer," at the St. James's,

on April 23.—Miss Mary Glynne, who played the *ingenue* in "The Aristocrats" with the late Sir George Alexander, arranged to appear on April 8 in "Monica's Blue Boy," Sir Arthur Pinero's one-act dumb-show piece preceding "Belinda," at the New Theatre. The wordless play would appear to be growing in favour.—[Photographs by Bertram Park.]



At the Court.

The Irish Players commenced their season at the Court Theatre with "Tactics" and "Fox and Geese," to a highly appreciative audience. The initial performance came, of course, on Bank Holiday, which no doubt accounted for the fact that the stalls, in contradistinction to the more popular part of the auditorium, were not as full as one could have wished; but the merits of Mr. Arthur Sinclair and his Players are so well

known to London playgoers that the theatre will doubtless be full—as it should be—when people settle down again after the Easter dislocation. In the boxes I could only recognise Lady Muir-Mackenzie, in a dress of deep blue trimmed with silver. The curtain-raiser was one of the best things of its kind I have seen—a rollicking farce which may be described as W. W. Jacobs done into Irish, and which kept the house in a crescendo of laughter, and left it speechless at the climax; while the deftly written comedy rippled along for three acts and sent one home in high good-humour—if, perhaps, slightly puzzled. Are Irishwomen more *rusées* and sophisticated than their Sassenach sisters? Irish playwrights appear to think so, and I suppose they ought to know.

The hospital will be auxiliary to the Military Orthopædic Hospital, which does such magnificent work at Shepherd's Bush. The opening was the occasion for a very interesting gathering, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Admiral Sims, Lady Leith of Fyvie, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and many other folk assembling. His Excellency Mr. Page spoke—which is the same thing as saying that the opening speech left nothing to be desired, for few folk have a happier knack, either when the occasion is something epoch-making, or some smaller event when a few moments are all that have to be filled, of saying the right thing in the right way. One can hardly imagine a more ideal spot for convalescence than Kensington Palace Gardens, for Kensington Gardens have every delight of shade and sun and trees and flowers that it is possible to imagine—a true haven of refuge to wounded men after the horrors of war.

"Quite in the Country."

It is not so very many years since Kensington was considered quite in the country. In fact, when Queen Victoria was a child, Kensington Palace was almost isolated from the City during the winter by the quagmire which lay between. That seems sufficiently amazing, but I often think that readers would be equally astonished if one were to compile a list of the flora and fauna (shades of our school-days!) which may be seen any day in Kensington Gardens. Tits and finches and all the little wild birds are not so surprising, but personally I can never avoid stopping to gaze with wonder at the two green paroquets which haunt the elms at the southern end of the Broad Walk. Infallibly, in the shape of a Warder of the Gardens, tells one that the birds are escaped from sedate Kensington flats—one two years, the other six months, ago. And they evidently have no intention of returning to dull respectability, having tasted the sweets of the roving life. But, of course, the inhabitant *par excellence* of Kensington Gardens is Peter Pan, in his airy raiment, on the banks of the Serpentine. I often wish I had kept count of the number of folk of every degree, nationality, and rank, civilian, naval, military, who have asked me the way to his statue during the last few months. Such is fame! Of the actual "residents" at this time the most distinguished is, of course, the Duchess of Albany, who occupies part of the Palace. One of the Duchess's chief activities is her Presidency of the League of Mercy, which does such fine work all over the country.

Privately, she is a great farmer, and nothing interests her more than her farm at Esher, which includes some very fine cows. Much beautiful timber in the Claremont Woods has had to be cut down there during the last few years, the Canadian lumbermen having a camp and doing sadly effective work amongst the trees. But it is all very necessary. *C'est la guerre!*

The Need of Timber.

Sir William Gordon-Cumming is another whose estate has suffered severely under the national need of timber. Those glorious woods at

Granny (on Hampstead Heath): "I wish the children wouldn't stray so far. With these long-distance guns about, it makes me quite nervous."

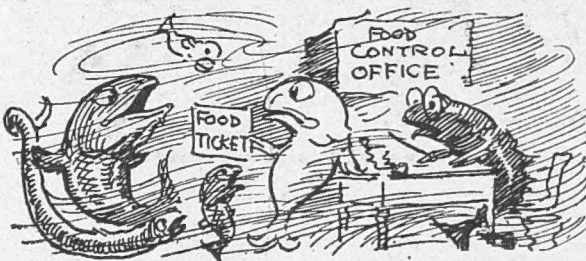
The Vicar: "Have you heard that Joe Poddish of this village has got the V.C.?"
Mrs. Leak: "Oh, lawks! I 'ope it ain't catching. My Willie's in the same regiment."

At Drury Lane.

The continued indisposition of stars having rendered the advertised evening performance of "Othello" at Drury Lane impossible, those conjoint evergreens, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" were somewhat hastily substituted; and, although I fancy that people were somewhat anxious to hear "Othello," the alteration was received without cavil, and there was certainly nothing to grumble about in the performances submitted. The plots run on very much the same lines, of course, but that of "Pagliacci" is, perhaps, the more satisfactory, and the drama always seems as intense and simple as that of "Othello," and far more reasonable. Leoncavallo was his own librettist, and in this instance at all events he acquitted himself as a master of the craft. It may fairly be said that the honours of the evening rested with Frank Mullings as Canio, who was "called" six times for "On with the Motley," and who again scored heavily later with his handling of the fine dramatic climax with which "Pagliacci" terminates. The audience was a large one. Sir Thomas himself watched the proceedings from the front of the house, while among other well-known people present were the Princess Hartfeld, Lady Selby, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Bonham-Carter, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith. Lady Cunard's box presented once again a somewhat militant appearance, being filled with American naval officers.



A NAVAL OFFICER GIVEN ARMY MARK IN THE R.A.F.: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR D. HENDERSON, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AIR COUNCIL.
Photograph by Russell.



A Submarine Food Controller.
"At Weybridge Tribunal, the local food executive officer mentioned that fish would shortly be rationed, and three months' exemption was granted to a fishmonger's salesman."—Daily Paper.

"No. 24." — We have never felt

more thankful to have America for our Ally than at this moment of intense strain, and there seems no way in which we can fail in gratitude to them. Last week saw the opening of the American Red Cross Hospital No. 24, which Mr. and Mrs. A. Chester Beatty, of New York, have given and equipped, and which they will maintain at 24, Kensington Palace Gardens. Later in the day it may be needed for American officers; until then, British and Dominion officers will have the benefit of this delightful house, and all the skill and care of the American staff, both nursing and medical.



"I see they're going to give extra meat rations for manual workers."
"Well, it ain't fair. The women ought to 'ave it as well."



THE WEDDING OF CAPT. PHILIP MARGETSON, SCOTS FUSILIERS, AND MISS DIANA THORNTON-CROFT: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN AMERICAN OFFICER AWARDED THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE FOR BRAVERY IN A TRENCH RAID: COL. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, FORMERLY NAVAL CENSOR AT WASHINGTON.

Photograph by Clinedinst Studio.

Altyre and Sluie, up the banks of the Findhorn River, are growing almost unrecognisable. But nothing can change the beauty of that particularly lovely Scottish river. One can hardly wonder that his brother left directions in his will for burial on its banks, just where the view of the Morayshire stream is finest, though the provision that he should be interred as in a soldier's grave, coffinless, is less understandable.

The Bubbly Waters of Bath.

The Baroness d'Erlanger, who is staying at the Bath Spa Hotel, has recently bought the famous old mansion occupied for over thirty years by Ralph Allen, the eighteenth-century postal reformer. It is reached through a sloping alley leading from the western side of the

North Parade, where, hemmed in by tall houses, it has been used as a printing office, and recently as a tenement house. The fine old façade, with its noble Corinthian columns, still remains; and the interior is to be restored for habitation. In this vicinity, called Lilliput, once lived the famous Sally Lunn, of succulent tea-cake fame. The Speaker and Mrs. Lowther are staying in one of the stately, aristocratic-looking old houses in Queen Square, next to the Bath Club and near the beautiful Royal Victoria Park. Just above them, in the historic Royal Crescent, live Professor George Saintsbury (one of the most erudite scholars in the Empire) and Mrs. Saintsbury, near neighbours of the great veteran Positivist and friend of George Eliot, Mr. Frederic Harrison, who, despite his eighty-six lightly carried years, is a regular attendant at the Pump Room concerts.

Faithful Water-Takers.

Among the faithful water-drinkers is one of the most efficient and progressive men in England, Lord Claud Hamilton, trim and alert like the good business man that he is as Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, and looking not a day over sixty. Sir Hugh Bell, the iron-master, is another of the distinguished young "old" men (how many of them we have in England, thanks be!) that join the white-ribbon brigade of a morning in the Pump Room. Lady Bell has also won distinction as the author of several novels and plays, in English and in French. Lord Devonport has joined Lady Devonport for the holidays just in time to feel the first effects of our rations. Commendable zeal—but a bunless Bath time he will have of it!

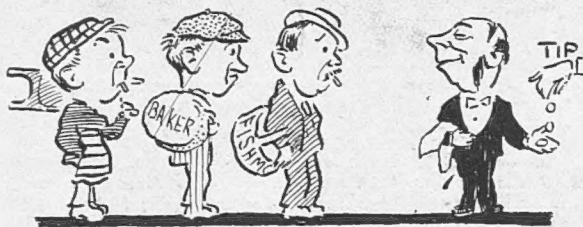
Easter in Bath. For the first time in twenty years Mr. David Ffrangcon-Davies appeared on the concert platform on Thursday afternoon at the Symphony Concert given by the Pump Room Orchestra. His finely chiselled face resembling a beautiful cameo, he sang with deep feeling Sullivan's "Golden Days" (to his own accompaniment), and other songs by Chadwick and Gounod. In the evening, a programme of sacred music carefully arranged by Mr. G. B. Robinson ushered in Good Friday. M. Mark Hambourg gave two piano recitals on Saturday to packed houses. In the afternoon he brilliantly pounded out Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia" in golden sparks as upon an ivory anvil. Then, just to show his versatility, he gave an exquisitely velvet rendition of the



"Ha! They're going to raise the military age. I'll get my chance yet."



A PARLIAMENTARY CHAMPION OF THE AIR FORCE: MR. JOYNTON HICKS, M.P., WITH HIS SON, MR. R. C. HICKS (QUEEN'S REGIMENT), ON TENNIS INTENT, AT QUEEN'S CLUB.—[Photograph by Topical.]



"A Prevention of Corruption Order forbids the giving of tips to anyone engaged in delivering or distributing food." "Tips for food favours are illegal to-day. Waiters are excepted."—Daily Paper.

about the comfort of her make their hostels homes, while on the subject of recreation, she told us a little story. Some "Waacs" and some men officers came home on leave from the front. The men were invited to a dance, but the "Waacs" were left to enact the part of Cinderella at their own solitary fireside. Lady Gertrude Crawford, the head of the Penguins, was also at the Sister Service Dinner; but she did not make a speech, and, as Lady Mackworth told us at the termination of her concise little speech, "Never boast of what you are going to do until you have done it."

Chopin-Liszt "Chant Polonais." One of the special features of the week has been the repeated presentation of a Passion Play, "Holy Friday," by the Citizen House Players at the New Empire Club. The music is from "La Passion," by Alexandre Georges, and the "Légendes Dorées" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, collected by I. Guilbert. The simplicity, earnestness, and reverence of all the players during the seven scenes occupying two hours, combined with the simple settings and vivid colours, produced a poignantly unforgettable impression, which was heightened by the realistic acting of the tiny, appealing child who played the part of the sister of Mary Magdalen.

The Arrangements at Murray's.

The new arrangements at Murray's are that the club opens from four o'clock—at which hour tea is procurable—continuously till ten. Dinner is served from 6.30, and until further notice the regulation that evening dress is indispensable is abrogated. The up-to-date rules are a proof of the resource and adaptability of Mr. Jack May.

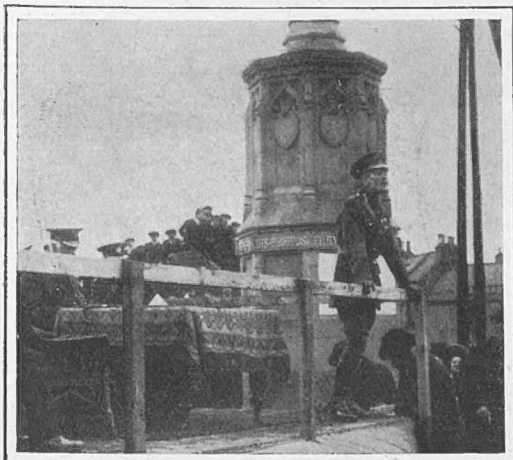
"The Wrens."

Walking along Piccadilly the other morning I perceived a very pretty-looking girl in the so-becoming uniform of the "Wrens." Immediately behind her marched two naval officers, who were evidently supremely interested in their "sister." The *chapeau à la tricorn* seemed to take their fancy. Dame Katherine Furse, the clever organiser and director of the Wren movement, spoke at a "Sister Service" dinner which was organised by the Lyceum Club. It was indeed a "service" dinner, for the "Waacs" and "Penguins" turned up in force, besides the "Wrens." Dr. Smedley MacLean acted as President. Dr. Smedley MacLean is a Doctor of Science and a Research Chemist. Her career began at a very early age, for she won an Entrance Scholarship into a High School when she was only eight, and continued winning scholarships until she passed into Cambridge with the Gilchrist Fellowship. Since then she has done much chemical research work both at home and abroad, where she is equally well known. Dr. MacLean has two children, a small son and a daughter. *Peut-être* one of them

may follow in their talented mother's footsteps. The Hon. Mrs. Haverfield discoursed on the work of the "Women's Emergency Corps." And really, when one comes to consider that that was originally started by six women, and that from it have sprung numberless branches and divers societies and corps, it seems nothing short of marvellous. Mrs. Haverfield thinks women can do more even than cook. As she aptly puts it, "Women never say no, when it's a question of saving life—even the powdered-nose-and-pearl-necklace brigade!" Dame Furse is very keen "Wrens." She wants the public to help to and to provide recreation for them. And,

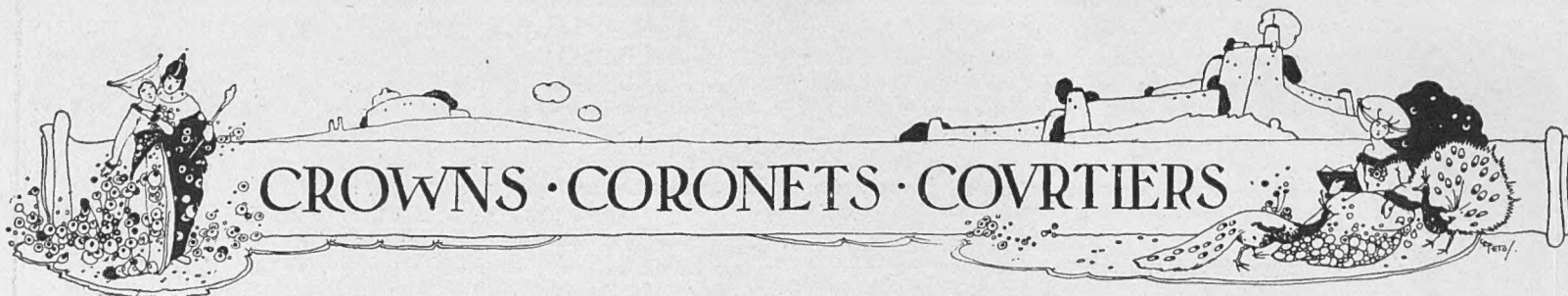


Puzzle—Find the Irishman. "A grand Irish gathering of only one Irishman is the achievement of the German-Irish Society of Berlin. The *Berliner Tageblatt* gravely informs us that the proceedings were most impressive. "Irish" songs and an address wound up the evening."—Daily Paper.



HONOURING HEROES OF A PATRIOTIC VILLAGE: THE EARL OF DURHAM UNVEILING A MEMORIAL TO FALLEN "DURHAMS" AT SWALWELL.

Photograph by Topical.



CHRISTIE'S have got out their catalogue of the coming Red Cross Sale, and everybody is predicting record prices paid with a record alacrity. Sir James Barrie is hopeful; and E. V. Lucas consents to *Look as* (a bad joke enough, but I heard Burnand make it!) cheerful as it is possible at the moment to be. The King's two dozen mezzotints are to be kept together—the purchaser's promising nucleus of a really Royal Collection. What will they fetch? I have heard a figure—very possibly inflated by precedents, which do not absolutely rule. For the prophet in this case had just seen a pair of shoulder-straps belonging to Sir Douglas Haig fetch seventy-five pounds at auction for a charity. Seventy-five pence was almost exactly the price originally paid for them by the Field-Marshal himself. Lady Desborough, who watched the wizardry of the transaction with a delighted smile, expounded it to the Queen, by whose side she sat.

The Personal Equation.

It is the "association book"—the book the author has touched and inscribed—that fetches the fictitious price, as was seen at Sotheby's the other day, when Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson put under the hammer the autographed copies of his own books given to her by the poet Francis Thompson. The talisman is touch; and it is relied upon by the Duchess of Marlborough to work with its familiar magic for the Children's Jewel Fund. It is well, therefore, to know that Queen Alexandra did actually wear the ear-rings she has given. There are old frequenters of "Masks and Faces" that will care to capture the bracelet they saw on Lady Bancroft's arm at all those performances. Mr. Lloyd George's admirers will note that he has sent a tie-pin, carrying four pearls; and that Mrs. Lloyd George contributes a diamond star which has been worn by herself.

The Second-Best Man.

Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart is not often to be seen outside the War Office. But a cousin's wedding is always an occasion, and one that came his own way lately lured him forth to play a part for which few candidates put up just now—the rather doubtful part of what is called "best-man." It is

always a bore to some people to be second-best, as the groom's best-man must so conspicuously be beside the groom. But Lord Colum, as his name denotes, is always an excellent supporter. His was the luck that most third sons lack—the luck to be left extensive estates by his father, the sitter to Disraeli (it was only one sitting) for Lothair. Neither Lord Colum nor his elder brother, the present Lord Bute, shares to the full that love of liturgy which made their father recite the offices of the Roman Church daily in his own home. But it is a monkish axiom that to labour is to pray, and at Cardiff Castle all sorts of war activities are on the way. Lord Bute, "ploughed" for the Army, has since learned to plough. Lately he went on a visit to the Front, and there he met London's Lord Mayor. It was not a barren meeting either, for Lord Bute, when he got home, sent a souvenir to the Lord Mayor in the shape of a thousand pounds for a charity he had named as one in which he was specially interested.



H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is the daughter of Princess Beatrice, and is a cousin of King George. H.M. was married to King Alphonso in 1906, and has three sons and two daughters, the eldest son being H.R.H. the Infant Alphonso, Prince of the Asturias, born in 1907.—[Photograph by Stanley.]

Still Game.

Sussex is a county of outdoor games, and in many a Sussex home you may see an engraving of a cricket match as it was played in Brighton, all the players wearing top hats. At Brighton, too, the old Sussex game of stool-ball has now been revived for the amusement of wounded soldiers not yet equal to harder exercise. Major Grantham, the Sussex reviver, will have imitators in other English counties, and, perhaps, even a good deal further afield. The fact is that games, and especially outdoor games, are really remarkably few in number, and everywhere people are on the alert when any rumour is heard of a newcomer. There is one entry in "Who's Who" of a favourite recreation as "Serendipity." From all the world over, wherever Englishmen are gathered together, come queries to the runner of this recreation—is it an outdoor game, and where can it be got? It is, in fact, a diversion as old as Horace Walpole, and it is played in cities, where in old book-shops you may have the luck to light on a treasure you had been long out to seek. The patron saint of that sport is to be found in "The Arabian Nights," and her name is the Princess Serendib.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-NURSE: MISS ELAINE ORDE-POWLETT.



A WAR-WORKER: MRS. W. H. SMITH-GRANT.



WORKING AT A CANTEEN: MISS A. M. AMBLER.



A WAR-WORKER: THE HON. MRS. NOEL BLIGH.

Miss Orde-Powlett is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. G. A. Orde-Powlett, M.P. for Richmond, Yorkshire, and has for more than a year past been acting as a nurse.—Mrs. Smith-Grant is the wife of Captain William H. Smith-Grant, M.C., Gordon Highlanders, and, before her recent marriage, was driver of an ambulance in France.—Miss A. M. Ambler is the daughter of Mr. John Ambler, of Baildon, Yorkshire. She

is an assiduous war-worker, and is at present doing canteen work at an Officers' Club in Belgrave Square.—Mrs. Noel Bligh is the wife of Colonel the Hon. Noel G. Bligh, of the Rifle Brigade, younger son of the Earl of Darnley. She is a keen war-worker, and is acting as a parlour-maid at Londonderry House with no little tact and success.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Yevonde, and Val l'Estrange.]

THE CHILD'S WAR-TIME DRESS: MODES FOR LITTLE PARISIANS.

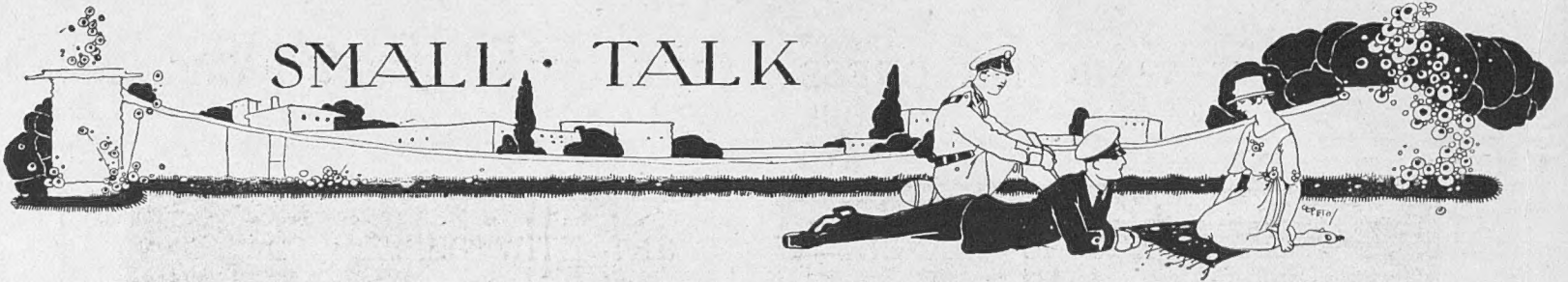


SIMPLE, SENSIBLE, AND TASTEFUL: *LA MODE POUR LES ENFANTS*—CHARMING EXAMPLES OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES SEEN RECENTLY IN PARIS.

Even in war time one must be clothed, and while there is dress there is fashion—for children as well as grown-ups. Paris sets an example in *la mode* for the little ones, as well as for their mothers, and these charming photographs show how sensibly the little Parisians of to-day

are dressed. These costumes combine simplicity with taste, with a little touch of military style, as in the neat caps, overcoats, and leggings—a great improvement on the expanse of bare leg so conducive to chills.—[Photographs supplied by L.E.A.]

SMALL TALK



TACT is not usually reckoned among the virtues of a great soldier. The military atmosphere, it is argued, is altogether too trying for so delicate a flower. However, every rule has its exceptions, and those who knew him best are agreed that the late Sir Alfred Gaselee's tact was as great as his generalship—which is saying a good deal. His death the other day recalled the anxious times of the Boxer Rebellion, when hundreds of people of all nationalities waited in agonising suspense for news of the fate of the beleaguered Legations in Peking. General Gaselee commanded the British expedition, and it was his troops who were the first to enter that city and cut a way through to the British Legation.

A Delicate Situation.

At a time when international rivalry ran high, the presence of British, American, French, Italian, and German troops in the field might have led to awkward situations, from which only a Commander possessed of consummate tact and skill in the management of men could have hoped to emerge successfully. That General Gaselee achieved the apparently impossible so well just shows that the art of saying and doing the right thing at the right time and place is not a virtue of which diplomatists and civilians have the monopoly. By-the-by, it is curious to reflect that the Powers at that

War's Dramatis Personae.

It is very hard to get interested in anything of anybody unconnected with the war just now. The soldier and the politician are like those little figures of a man and a woman in the old-fashioned weather-indicators. When the weather is fine, the woman comes out; when it is going to be wet the man makes his appearance. During the period of "nothing of interest to report" the politician occupies the centre of the stage and gets all the limelight; when an offensive begins, it is the soldiers only who are talked about. As a rule, they are not talked about very intelligently, for the British public is still immensely unmilitary in thought, and judges its Generals as if they were football forwards. Everybody thinks Foch an extremely clever man while they look for him to "act" or "strike," and if he does neither, their confidence cools a little. I suppose they think much the same in the Fatherland about Hindenburg when he comes to a standstill. Even after three-and-a-half years of war on the modern scale people cannot get Waterloo out of their minds.

Meanwhile, there are plenty of minor performers whose ears must burn. Sir Hubert Gough—"Goffee," to his Army friends—has been a more than nine-days' wonder to the clubs. I have

DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR OF THE W.A.A.C., FARNBOROUGH: MISS E. MARION DAWSON.

Miss Marion Dawson, before joining the W.A.A.C., worked for ten months in the Anglo-Russian Hospital at Petrograd, and for twelve months with the Scottish Women's Hospital at Salonika.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A KEEN WAR-WORKER: LADY CHARNWOOD.

Lady Charnwood, in 1915, distributed relief in Belgium from a barge, and has had wounded Belgians at her house. Before her marriage to Lord Charnwood, she was Miss Dorothea Mary Roby Thorpe, daughter of the late Mr. Roby Thorpe, of Nottingham.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

time vested the supreme command of the international forces in a German—Count von Waldersee.

The Real Internationalists. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was known in life as a famous diplomat. But who ever suspected him of being a poet? All the same, two or three days before he left Washington to die in Ottawa he produced from his portfolio six sonnets which Mr. Shane Leslie is now publishing in the *Dublin Review*. They are renderings of the ancient Persian text of an Arab mystic who was put to death by the Mohammedans as a heretic suspected of Christianity in Baghdad early in the tenth century. Apart from their intrinsic interest, these poems—of which I have seen the advanced proofs—make a marvellously fine addition to our own sonnet literature. Ambassadors, one hears, are rather out of favour at the moment. But they are not necessarily men without vision. And what internationalists some of them really are! Here was Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, an Irishman representing Great Britain at Washington, in the heat of a world-wide war thinking about a martyred Arab of the earlier Middle Ages! A few years ago, London could show almost another such instance of amazing Ambassadorial cosmopolitanism, when Musurus Pasha, the Roman Catholic Ambassador of Mohammedan Turkey in Protestant England, translated Dante into Greek!



TO BE MARRIED THIS WEEK: MISS FLORENCE STARKEY.

The marriage of Miss Florence Starkey to Brevet-Major B. T. Wilson, D.S.O., R.E., will take place, leave permitting, on Friday, April 12, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, at two o'clock. Sir Charles and Lady Seely have lent 25, Belgrave Square for the reception.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING IN LONDON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Our photograph shows Mr. S. C. R. Isitt, of the Irish Guards, with his bride, being showered with confetti after their wedding at the Church of the Assumption, in Warwick Street, Regent Street. Mrs. Isitt was, before her marriage, Miss Christian François-Wachter, of Paris.—[Photograph by H. F. Baldwin.]

heard at least fifty different rumours about him, and every one of them has turned out to be false. The only thing certain is that his Army was the most unfortunate of all those which took the German attack, and but for the splendid steadfastness of Byng's Third Army on the left and the timely help of certain French divisions on the right, things might have gone worse with it. Sir Hubert is a very brave commander. He is, I believe, a great friend of Sir Douglas Haig, who has never lost faith in his qualities. He was, of course, the hero of the famous Curragh "mutiny" affair.

"Rawly." I can imagine Sir Henry Rawlinson—otherwise

"Rawly"—rather pleased than anything else to get back into the field from his office work at Versailles. For, though he has an eye to comfortable quarters and is rather a sybarite in his personal tastes, he is also an outdoor General; and the command of an Army would, I think, appeal to him more than stewing over plans and figures in the rear. He requires something of the stimulus of the battlefield to be at his best, which is sometimes very good indeed. Out of the confusion of the story of the Fifth Army's fighting emerges the gallant record of Sir W. N. Congreve, who won himself imperishable fame by the cool skill and courage with which he extricated his divisions. He won his V.C. as far back as Colenso, and belongs, I believe, to the Staffordshire Congreves, who gave England its best writer of comedy.

EASTER WEDDINGS : SOME SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. THE HON. DORIS KITSON—CAPT. JOHN McNAUGHTON, M.C.
3. MISS DOROTHY C. GRAY—LT.-COL. R. N. STEUART GORDON.

2. MISS VERA HALLIDAY—LIEUT. HUGH TREVOR DAWSON, R.N.
4. MISS GRAY'S WEDDING—BRIDESMAID AND TWIN PAGES.

The wedding of Capt. John McNaughton, M.C., son of the Rev. G. F. A. McNaughton, Carsphairn, to the Hon. Doris Kitson, daughter of Lord and Lady Aireda'e, took place on April 4. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Angela Kitson, Miss Olga Murray-Leslie, Miss Violet Preston, and Miss Peggy Wolfe-Barry.—Miss Vera Halliday, daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Halliday, was

married on March 30, to Lieut. Hugh Trevor Dawson, R.N., son of Commander Sir Trevor and Lady Dawson. Her bridesmaids were Misses Marcia Brace and Mary Watts.—The marriage of Miss Dorothy Cresswell Gray, daughter of Sir William Gray, of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, to Lieut.-Col. Gordon. Sherwood Foresters, son of the late General William Gordon, C.I.E., took place on April 4.



PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

CONVERSING WITH THE COVES—THE ART OF THE ANZACS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE Anzac Coves! The name somehow conjures up a friendly atmosphere.

"And so it ought to! 'Cove' means pal," one of them "put me wise!"

"And is that why you called yourselves like *that*?" I asked.

"Not entirely! On Gallipoli there is a famous Cove" (with a grin)—"not a slang one this time, known as Anzac Cove. We are really named after that."

"Do tell me about your performance at Buckingham Palace?" I said, for the "Anzac Coves" gave a "show" there before the King and Queen not long ago.

"Well, we went along early in the morning and rehearsed," my Anzac explained patiently. "A large stage had been erected for us in the Throne Room."

"We gave exactly the same kind of show as those we give the boys in France. We had been told beforehand that we must not expect applause."

"But—we had a *lot* of applause," he informed me triumphantly. "We were all very surprised and pleased. The King and Queen were both there. They came up and spoke to us afterwards. The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary were also present, and a good many members of the Royal Household besides. Altogether" (my Anzac paused reflectively; he evidently cherished a liking for exactitude)—"altogether, there must have been about a hundred and fifty people present. After we had finished our performance and spoken to the King and Queen, we went and had tea. Yes, it was all very nice! You know it was not the first time we had performed before the Prince of Wales," he went on, leaning back in his arm-chair, and exhaling smoke-rings with a satisfied air as he spoke. "The first time was when we were giving a show near the firing line."

"Oh, yes, we have often given performances with the shells whizzing around us as we played."

"We have also played for two and a-half hours in the pouring rain on an open Stadium, with a piece of macintosh laid down as a

"Tell me about your costumes?" I cajoled, seized with true feminine curiosity to know how the "mere male" managed.

"We make them all ourselves. When we first started, we had none at all, so we made up some black-and-white pierrot costumes."

"Vision clothes we used to make out of bandages!"

"Curtains come in very handy, because, of course, when you are out at the Front, you have not much variety of material to choose from, and it becomes a question of putting your wits together, and making the best of what you can get."

"Once we contrived a suit of armour out of discarded biscuit-tins."

"I was rather proud of my first dress, I remember. I was masquerading as a woman; a heavy drama part. Burlesque, of course. And I wanted to wear one of those 'clinging-tragedy-queen-air gowns'! You know the style! As I say, we had not much choice of material, and so it was a little difficult at first to know what to make my gown from, but at last I managed to procure a—red-plush curtain!"

"I stood while the boys pinned, draped, and finally sewed this curtain on me."

"That's much the simplest way of making a dress, you know! Have it sewn together on you, and then cut a hole to get in and out of, and there you are, finished and ready for action!"

"Oh, yes, women's dresses are quite easy to make!"

I shuddered at so much simplicity, and he was so convinced, that I did not like to shake his faith. Instead I inquired humbly whether he had left his gown severely plain, or employed a little trimming.

"Just a little! I had another curtain—a flowered cretonne. And I cut out some of the flowers from it and sewed them on."

"Oh, yes, my gown was quite a smart-looking 'creation' when it was finished, I can tell you. Perhaps the back view wasn't quite as perfect as the front, but the audience could not see that!"

I assumed he never turned round. A gallant Anzac does not show his back.

"What about scenery?" "We had our own scenic artist. Oh, yes, a professional. All the members of our concert party have been professionals before the war."

"How are they discovered when they are in the Army? Quite easily. The C.O. sends out a chit, for instance, asking for a professional scenic artist to be sent in. And when he comes along, he is commissioned to join us."

"He has all kinds of 'makeshift' canvases to paint on, though. We have often used the outer covering of the humble sand-bag for a canvas."

"Mr. Randall Carlisle, of Sydney, is our Manager, and Mr. Ross acts as Stage-Manager."

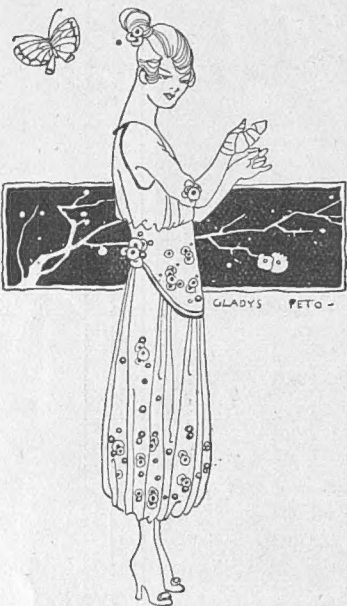
"We gave a week's show lately at the Court Theatre in Sloane Square, you know."

"I had ten changes during every performance. It was some rush, I can tell you. I'd have to make up as a woman, re-make again, as a man, back again to a woman, and so on! All in a few seconds!"

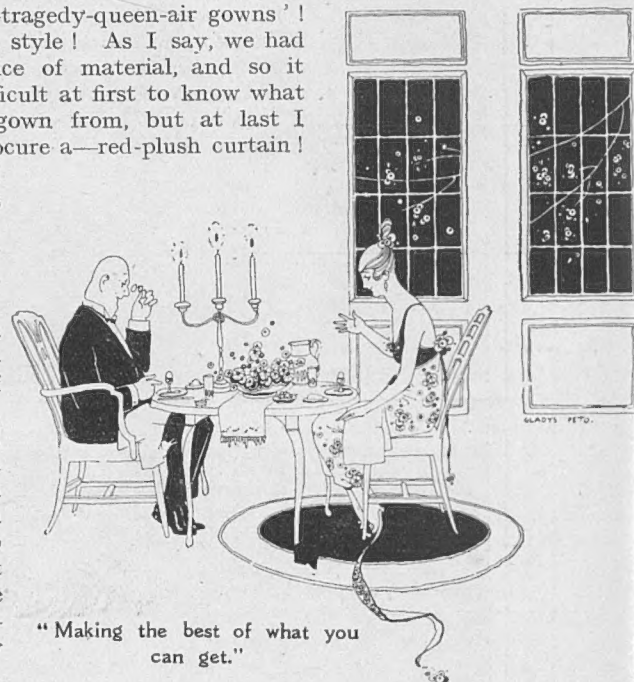
"Yes; I know how a quick-change artist feels, all right!"

He told us of the tour in England, and then broke off. Gripping my hand firmly (Australians know how to shake hands—no flabby clasp for them!)—he smiled genially on me, and went—exited, I should say.

In the abstract (alas!) I raised my glass, and made a mental toast as I watched his tall figure disappear: "*Bonne chance* to the 'Anzac Coves' in their next London venture!"



"Australians know how to shake hands!"



"Making the best of what you can get."



"In the pouring rain."

covering to prevent us from ignominiously slipping!" (The vicissitudes of "the boards," what?) "Yes, I think we have performed under pretty well every possible conditions," he declared proudly.

A LIVING BAS-RELIEF: A MONUMENTAL POSE.



POSED AS A FIGURE IN BAS-RELIEF ON A MEMORIAL TO CHOPIN: Mlle. THAMARA SWIRSKAJAI.

Living statuary has been with us for many years, but living bas-relief possesses an element of novelty. As Count de Strelecki's picturesque photograph demonstrates, it affords opportunities for very graceful posing. The lady here seen as a bas-relief figure on a memorial to Chopin is a

well-known dramatic dancer, Mlle. Tamara Swirskajai, who is a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. She has recently been giving a special performance at the Comedy Theatre, New York. The bas-relief lacks only speech. —[Photograph by Count J. de Strelecki.]

SISTER OF A PEER—AND CO-HEIRESS TO A BARONY.



CO-HEIRESS TO THE BARONY OF DE LA WARR: LADY AVICE ELA MURIEL SACKVILLE.

Lady Avice Sackville is one of the two sisters of Earl De La Warr, ninth holder of the title, and is also the sister of Lady Idina Wallace, wife of Captain David Euan Wallace, of the Household Cavalry. Her mother, wife of the eighth Earl De La Warr, was, before her marriage, which took place in 1891, Lady Muriel Brassey, daughter

of the first Earl. Lady Avice Sackville was born in 1897, and is co-heiress with her sister, Lady Idina Wallace, to the Barony of De La Warr. The present Earl De La Warr was born in 1900, and succeeded to the title when he was only fifteen, upon the death of his father, who was killed on active service in the European War, in 1915.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE BOTHA ENGAGEMENT: BRIDE AND GROOM TO BE.



TO MARRY: MISS AGNES MACDONALD AND CAPTAIN LOUIS BOTHA.

Wide interest is taken in the engagement of Captain Louis Botha, son of the Right Hon. General Louis Botha, P.C., to Miss Agnes E. F. Macdonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Macdonald, Ipley Manor, Marchwood, Hants. Captain Botha was born in 1892, and, at the age of eight, went through the South African War with his distinguished father. Before the present war he was attached to the 1st Royal

Dragoons, and in 1913 got his captaincy on the South African Staff. In 1914 he went through the German South-West Africa Campaign, and in 1915, 1916, and the beginning of 1917, through the German East Africa Campaign. Arriving in England, he immediately went over to France and was placed in one of the armies, and later became A.D.C. to Sir Douglas Haig. He has been mentioned in despatches.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS : WOMEN OF O



NURSING AT LADY LYTTLETON'S HOSPITAL IN CHARLES STREET : MISS MYRTLE FARQUHARSON.



A GRAND-NIECE OF GORDON
MRS. WILLIAM MORRICE,
WHO HAS BEEN NURSING
IN PARK LANE.



WIFE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE WAR
OFFICE : LADY BRADE.



COMMANDANT OF HER MOTHER'S HOSPITAL : LADY ALEXANDER,
WIFE OF SIR LIONEL ALEXANDER.



AN ACTIVE WAR-
WORKER : LADY
HELEN SEYMOUR,
WIFE OF LORD
HENRY SEYMOUR.



MENTIONED FOR HER WORK AT HER OWN
HOSPITAL : MRS. HERBERT SAMUELSON.

Miss Myrtle Farquharson is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Farquharson of Invercauld. She has been working since war began, first for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild at Friary Court.—Mrs. William Morrice, whose husband is a Captain in the Yeomanry (attached R.F.C.), was formerly the wife of the late Lieut. Norman Champion de Crespigny. She is a grand-daughter of General Gordon's elder brother, the late Sir Henry Gordon.—Lady Brade is the wife of Sir Reginald Brade K.C.B., Secretary to the War Office.—Lady Lettice Harrison, only daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, is the wife of Major Pryce Harrison, R.F.A.—The Hon. Mary Betty Cunliffe and the Hon. Ann Madeline Cunliffe are daughters of Lord Cunliffe, who became Governor of the Bank of England in 1913, and last year went on an important mission to the United States.—The Hon. Mrs. Eustace Hills, a daughter of Lord Shuttleworth, married (as his second wife)...

SOCIETY BUSILY OCCUPIED IN WAR WORK.



A RED CROSS NURSE, AND DECORATED:
LADY LETTICE HARRISON.



SECOND DAUGHTER OF
LORD AND LADY CUN-
LIFFE: THE HON. ANN
M. CUNLIFFE.



DAUGHTER OF LORD SHUTTLEWORTH: THE HON. MRS.
EUSTACE HILLS, WITH HER SONS, COLERIDGE AND JOHN.



MENTIONED FOR HOSPITAL WORK: LADY
ELLIS, WIFE OF SIR CHARLES ELLIS.



ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF LORD AND
LADY CUNLIFFE:
THE HON. M.
BETTY CUNLIFFE.



MAINTAINING A HOSPITAL FOR OFFICERS AT HARROGATE:
LADY FURNESS.

Mr. Eustace Gilbert Hills, and has two sons—Coleridge Eustace, and John Michael Ughtred.—Lady Alexander, wife of Sir Lionel Alexander, Bt., is a daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cable, of Lyndridge, Bishopsteignton. She is Commandant of Lady Cable's hospital in Devon.—Lady Helen Seymour is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Her husband, Lord Henry Seymour, brother and heir of the Marquess of Hertford, was wounded in the Cameroons in 1914.—Mrs. Herbert Samuelson presides over her own hospital for officers at 58, Grosvenor Street.—Lady Ellis is the wife of Sir Charles Ellis, Director-General of Ordnance Supply in the Ministry of Munitions.—Lady Furness is the wife of Lord Furness, the well-known ship-owner. She and her husband have equipped and maintained a hospital for 200 officers at Harrogate.—[Photographs by Hugh Cecil, Bertram Park, Swaine, Elliott and Fry, Lallie Charles, Hoppe, and Bassano.]

TWO GOWNS IN ONE! A DANCER'S INGENIOUS CREATION.



AS USUALLY WORN; AND TRANSFORMED FOR DANCING: Mlle. RÉGINE FLORY'S SPECIAL FROCK—AND Mlle. FLORY.

Here is the latest idea in frocks for the famous dancer who is only too certain to be asked to entertain just when she doesn't expect it—in a friend's house, for example. It was devised by that favourite actress and dancer, Mlle. Régine Flory, who is so popular in "The Beauty Spot";

and is both ordinary gown and dancing-dress. The first photograph shows it as it is usually worn; in the second photograph it is seen transformed for a dance—with a hook or two undone to give the play of skirt that is necessary to freedom of movement.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

IS IT COME TO THIS? "FUTURIST" PHOTOGRAPHY.



AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, BUT NOT DESTINED TO BE GENERAL: A PIONEER "FUTURIST"

PHOTOGRAPH—MISS FRANCES SIMPSON STEVENS.

It was an interesting experiment on the part of that very famous and artistic photographer, Count J. de Strelecki, to apply the principles of "Futurism" to the camera. We cannot say that the result will be generally popular, and we hope that the ladies will not all elect to be taken in this

style, for we can foresee still more startling developments by a combination of the camera and the kaleidoscope. The subject of this pioneer essay in Futuristic photography, Miss Frances Simpson Stevens, is herself well known in the States as an artist and sportswoman.

Photograph by Count J. de Strelecki.

IN MISS GLADYS COOPER'S HOME : AT CUMBERLAND TERRACE.



1. MISS GLADYS COOPER'S HOME : A CORNER OF THE DAINTY DINING-ROOM.

2. THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM : PART OF THE NURSERY AT CUMBERLAND TERRACE.

3. MISS GLADYS COOPER'S ROOM : IN THE "EMPIRE" STYLE—WITH A BED IN THE ALCOVE.

It is but little more than ten years since Miss Gladys Cooper made her first appearance in stageland, as Bluebell in *Fairyland*, and the stage has proved a veritable fairyland of success and popularity for her ever since. Fresh from the dramatic success of *Marya Varenka* at The Playhouse, in "*The Yellow Ticket*," Miss Cooper appears at the same theatre on

April 11, as the heroine of an American farce, "*The Naughty Wife*," with Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Ellis Jeffreys: three "stars" in the Playhouse firmament who are sure to command a dazzling success. Miss Cooper, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster, and has a charming little son and daughter, lives at Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park.



THEATRICAL managers are, after all, only simple mortals like ourselves, and one of the results of their close and frequent study of the moon has been to make them poetical. I am thinking, of course, of the rhymed advertisements that some of them have gone in for. Obviously, this is only the thin end of the wedge. In a little while (when we get the moon in large doses again) the dramatic critics will follow suit, and I feel so certain of this that I am going to write a dramatic criticism in verse this instant, just to be able to say, when the awful time arrives, that I was first!

The author of "The Hated Hand," Horatio Emerson Marcellus (produced last evening at the Grand), has nothing very new to tell us. A midnight murder has been done, the victim being well connected; and naturally everyone (except the parrot) is suspected. (If one of us produced such tosh, our chances would be gone for ever. But this is from Tacoma, Wash., and has to be described as clever.)

The element surprise, in plays like this, is so profound a factor that he beyond his function strays who names the gruesome crime's chief actor. Enough that whosoever drew the mortal dose of human claret, it was not either me or you—or, if it comes to that, the parrot! The secret to the very end most skilfully is kept uncertain. (I knew who'd killed our noble friend upon the rising of the curtain!)

The part of persecuted Ruth was sweetly played by Kay N. Hotten. (To tell the downright honest truth, the heroine was rather rotten.) Deserving of the highest praise is Mr. Gosh D. Stunt's production. (The call-boy could in many ways have given Gosh some sound instruction.) . . . As rowing in the same old boat, perhaps I'm hard to be sarcastic; so here's a line for them to quote: "The house was most enthusiastic!"

Are you an Allotmentite? If you are, you are beginning to get nervous about those insects of the soil. This anxiety, with its subsequent hard labour in the same direction, is good for you. It teaches you to appreciate the difficulties of the professional grower.

When, too, a friend has been re-breaking an already broken back in sowing seeds, you can tilt your old ribbonless Alpine to the back of your head, take the pipe from your mouth, and, while refilling it with a clay-stained forefinger, remark casually, "Of course, you've dug in the Insecticide well, to keep off the wire-worms, slugs, leather-jackets, centipedes, millipedes, cut-worms,

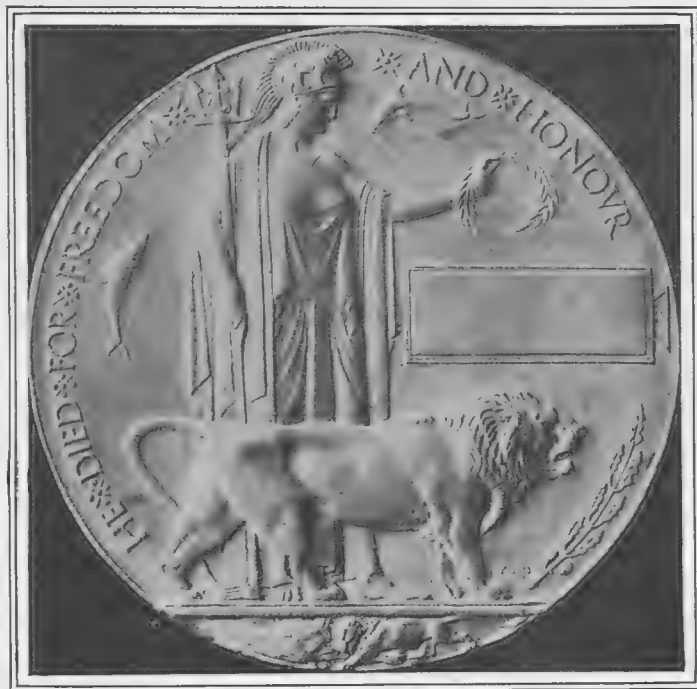


THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: BRITISH PILOTS BRINGING IN THEIR REPORTS AS TO THE POSITION OF THE ENEMY.—[Official Photograph.]

wood-lice, grubs, and other things? One generally does this four or five days before sowing." Then you can stroll heavily away, with your thumbs in the arm-holes of your second-worst waistcoat, whistling quite softly the "Lilac Domino" classic, "Things that are done you never can undo." Knowledge is power.

These guiding words on gardening I dedicate with all respect to gentlemen who do the thing by methods mainly incorrect.

You dig your ground, you make your drills, and then your seeds you sow. (Among the bulbs of daffodils is mostly where you throw.) You fancy that your work is done beyond your highest hopes. But just you take the tip from one who claims he knows the ropes!



"FOR FREEDOM AND HONOUR": THE DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR THOSE FALLEN IN THE WAR.

A bronze Memorial Plaque, together with an inscribed scroll, is to be given to the next-of-kin of all members of the King's Forces who have fallen in the war. We reproduce the design accepted, out of the 800 submitted. It is by Mr. E. Carter Preston ("Pyramus"), of the Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, Liverpool, and the designer has been awarded £250. The name of the person commemorated is to be inscribed on the raised tablet.—[Official Photograph.]

For, like all London gardeners (in Kent they call 'em mugs), you quite forget the yearly threat of centipedes and slugs! And when from sleep you rise to reap, against the grain it rubs to find your seed has gone to feed the wood-lice and the grubs!

You stand and grumble at the earth, you mumble at the skies, when summer comes to find a dearth of things of any size. You say it is the weather's fault, or blame a sticky soil; and then with tins of table-salt the spoiled you further spoil!

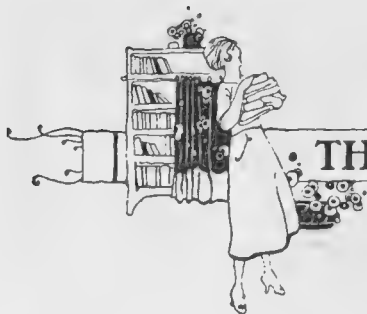
For, like all London gardeners and those of London's "subs," you never seem for once to dream of cut-worms, ants, and grubs! And when at last you'd mend the past by enterprising deeds, you'll find each root, of "green" or fruit, a mass of millipedes!

Thank heaven for this lull in legal actions over the "rights" of conscientious objectors! In these days of dreadful trial for the world's real men, it fairly sickens heart and brain to read of an array of costly legislature sitting seriously day after day to argue about the personal comforts of one coward.

From court to court the coward went, on this and that pretext, and, losing here and there, was sent appealing to the next. . . . Meanwhile, who pays the ermined ones for treating with the knave? The fathers of our fighting sons! The mothers of the brave!

A point is lost, a point is won, a straw is split in twain. Solicitors enjoy the fun—and probably the gain. . . . Meanwhile, in France, in fire and mud, and all that battle owns, brave men are saving by *their* blood the cratty coward's bones!

A. B. M.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



IT is common knowledge that in matters of Art we are a backward people. Still, we are moving on; latterly we have made rapid progress. We used to hamper our artists considerably. Whenever one of them, anxious to be as artistic as possible, described anything we had classified as improper we used to be shocked, and call him "daring" or "immoral." Sometimes we even prosecuted



BASEBALL IN LONDON: ARLIE LATHAM (ON THE LEFT, IN MASK) IN A PRACTICE GAME OF THE U.S. ARMY HEADQUARTERS TEAM.

Photograph by Sport and General.

him; parsons would solemnly denounce him from their pulpits, and their congregations, righteously indignant, would hurry out to buy or borrow the book and make sure how bad it was. But we have gone a long way past all that. We no longer shake our heads over Fielding's novels; they are now comparatively tame enough to be given away as Sunday School prizes or read in infants' classes. We are all for truth, and the plainer it is the more artistic we know it to be. However ugly, if it is presented in the name of Art, it is sanctified. Some were rather taken aback when bedroom scenes arrived on the stage, but now we are accustomed to them—we expect to get them, and have had so much of them that they are beginning to bore us. But there are bedrooms in real life, so if they are not put on the stage our artistic susceptibilities are outraged.

Consequently, they are more and more getting into our novels. There are several in "The Pretty Lady," where you see not only the pretty lady herself in bed, but a soldier in bed with her. That is unusual—not in life, but in art; so the timid reader may, at first blush, be a little perturbed, especially as the pretty lady is not married to the soldier. For she is a daughter of joy, and "the accidental daughter of a daughter of joy"—the sort that, as a rule, nobody would care to marry; yet the much-experienced, middle-aged G. J. Hoape has serious thoughts of marrying her, and she is certainly the most charming, the most likeable woman in the book. G. J. isn't even the soldier, though he has occupied the soldier's place, and is aware that there are others. Moreover, he is so out-of-date that he confesses to one of the more proper ladies that "the new relations of the sexes aren't in my line." But there you are—a novelist must do this sort of thing nowadays, or nobody would know he was an artist. We shall grow used to it presently, and then it won't be art; but, fortunately, there are still a few privacies of domestic life in the depiction of which the select artist may startle us again and find his salvation.

Marriage, anyhow, must be a failure, because even the poets are intimating that it is. In "Monogamy" you have seven dramatic lyrics, deftly written monologues, in which seven different husbands talk to themselves about how unhappily they are married. You gather that their wives are to blame for it—that has been the orthodox excuse ever since Adam put the blame upon Eve—and the only solid comfort one of them is able to give himself is that "If I'm unhappy, who is not?" A miserable lot, our brother men, if these seven may pass as average samples; and a whining lot, which is worse.

It is a relief to escape into such an atmosphere of nice, old-fashioned romance as fills "Lady Eleanor, Private Simmonds, and

Some Others." The hero-worship of Kathleen for her handsome lover, Ralph Woodhurst, a new Captain in the New Armies, is a little trying; she calls him "the noblest and the bravest and the finest character that ever lived," which is just ordinary idealism. Girls are like that, but not the girls who get written about by the best authors. Besides, Ralph is really a bit of a muff, or he could not have stood old Lady Eleanor's super-kindnesses. She believes that the next best thing to being young "is to make two young people thoroughly happy," and her sugary benevolence is oppressive; so is the determined humour of Private Simmonds. However, you can't have everything in one book.

"Men and Ghosts" is modern and realistic enough, though it has its reticences. It is in the Henry James tradition—leisurely, analytical, handling problems that worry the moralists, and handling them bravely, but with that delicacy that used to be Art till we learned the beauty of painting crude and ugly truths quite crudely. A clever book, and if Godfrey had not been an intellectual prig, and too hesitant and self-distrustful as a lover, he and his story might have ended happily without being unnatural—yet I doubt whether it would then have been so interesting.

For when you are happy you are not so interesting to others as to yourself. Through twenty-seven chapters of "The Short Cut" there are crime, intrigue, baffled love, and perilous adventure which make capital reading; and when we reach idyllic happiness in the twenty-eighth the author shrewdly rings down the curtain. "The Wasp," too, ends abruptly when its hero rises out of a lawless life into a happiness that is not of the conventional brand; and all the joy of the story is a joy of danger and sin and glamorous doings in the great days when pirates were thoroughgoing pirates.

There is married misery in "Love's Burden," a brilliantly realistic romance of life in India, and who shall say it ceases to be real at the end because the end is happy? Men and women are not



AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAKING LONDON ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT BASEBALL: THE UNITED STATES ARMY HEADQUARTERS TEAM.

Among other excellent results of the coming of United States troops to this country has been the stirring of interest in the American national game of baseball. It was arranged recently that the U.S. Army Headquarters team should play a match with the Anglo-American Baseball League, in aid of the Red Cross. Arlie Latham, a famous player, of the St. Louis Browns and the New York Giants, has been coaching the Army team.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

so uniformly wretched as modern realists would have us believe. There is a streak of indomitable idealism in most of us that enables us to find happiness where to outsiders it does not seem to exist.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Pretty Lady. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell.)
 Monogamy. By Gerald Gould. (Allen and Unwin.)
 Lady Eleanor; Private Simmonds; and Some Others. By Lord Frederick Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett.)
 Men and Ghosts. By Allan Monkhouse. (Collins.)
 The Short Cut. By Jackson Gregory. (Melrose.)
 The Wasp. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Love's Burden. By Margaret Peterson. (Hurst and Blackett.)
 Under One Roof. By Mary Cholmondeley. (Murray.)
 Destroyer Doings. By John S. Margerison. (Pearson.)

"In these days half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain."—Bulwer Lytton.



INDOOR WORKERS

When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired—depressed—a little

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TRADE

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in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure and the nerves normal. Sound, refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

Remember that "FRUIT SALT" has for upwards of forty years been known by the Trade and the Public to mean the saline preparation of J. C. ENO, and no other.

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Everything for the Little Man at

Gooch's

LITTLE FOLKS' SLUMBER SUITS.

A very special opportunity to obtain Gooch's renowned sleeping garments for children.

We have purchased an exceptionally charming range of colors in Ceylon Flannels, in plain blue, mauve, and pink, also in block stripes, blue and white, pink and white, and mauve and white.

These have all been made to our own patterns in sleeping suits and pyjamas for the little folk, and we now offer them at prices much below to-day's value.

One-piece Suit, as sketch, for ages **8/11**
1½ to 8 years. 3 for 26/- each

Pyjama Suits (2 garments), ages 3 to 6 years,
10/11 each, 3 for 32/-

For 7 to 10 years, 13/9 each, 3 for 40/-

11 to 16 years, 15/9 each, 3 for 45/-

Other suits in various materials at various prices.

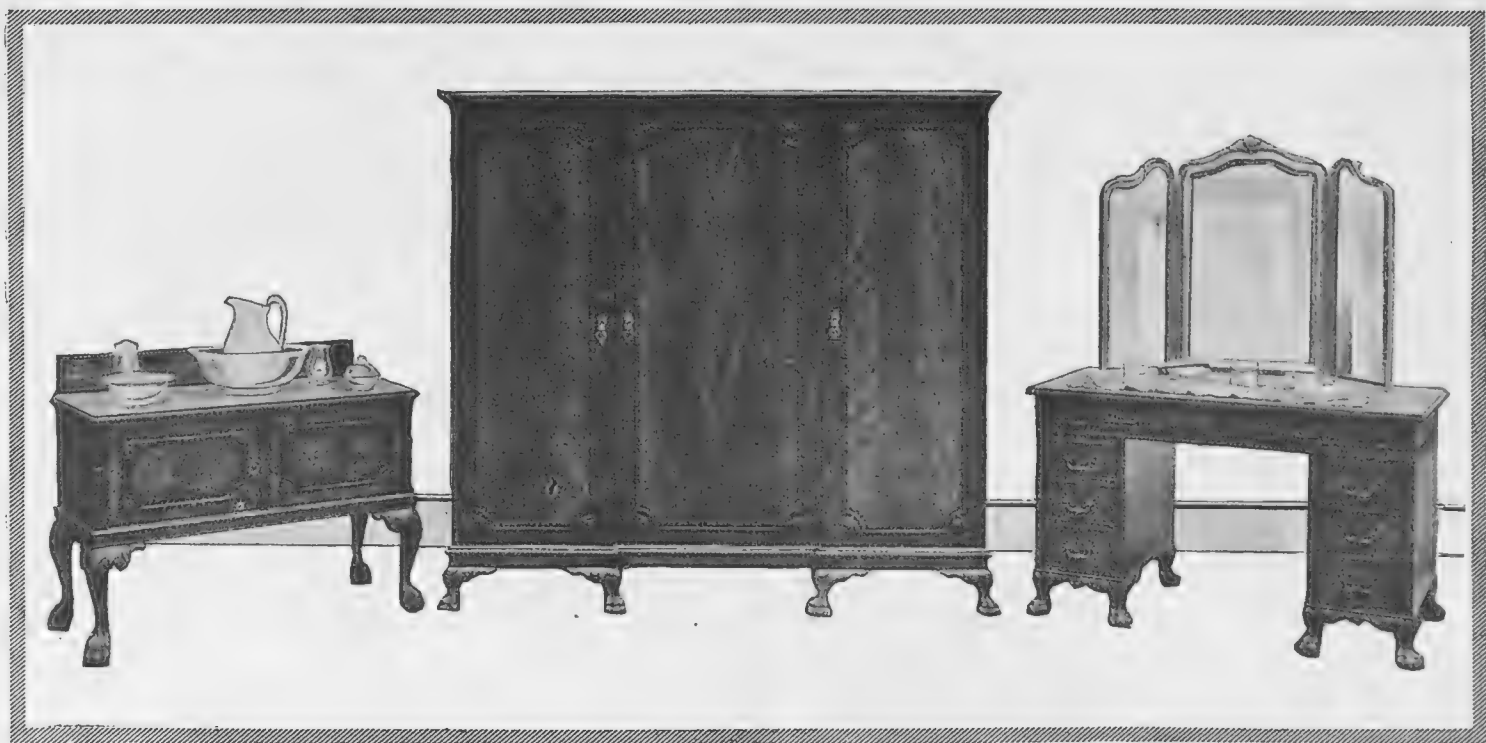
*Sleep, little man, my sweet, my own—
There, put your head—just so—
The stars peep in at you, they bid you
"go seeps,"
Hey husho—hey husho—husho.*



Gooch's

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The illustration is of a beautiful Chippendale Bedroom Suite. Each article is made from carefully selected timber, and soundly constructed.

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The illustration opposite is of a fine example of Queen Anne Bedroom Furniture, preserving all the charm of the period from which it was modelled.

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AIR CRAFT!



A TALL STORY OF A STUNT-WATCHER.

DRAWN BY H. H. HARRIS.



HUNNISH WEATHER: OUR AIRMEN IN THE GREAT BATTLE: THE R.N.A.S. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

CERTAINLY the Hun does have the luck of the weather, both in the air and on the ground. When our people attack it hails, rains, or snows, or all three at once, so that our infantry are up to their knees in mud—except when they are up to their necks—and so that our flying men are blinded and frozen and soaked, and generally have their job made as difficult as possible for them. When the Hun attacks there is thick fog every morning; so that he can move his troops without our aviators being able to see them or get at them with bombs and machine-guns.

Fog and Flying. The rain and snow are bad enough in all conscience, but fog is the limit where flying is concerned. It is the one thing that stops flying altogether. Incidentally, it probably accounts for the absence of air-raids during the fine nights of the first part of the present moon. Heavy morning mists prevented our aviators from getting properly to work til long after day-break, day after day. There are few of us who would not willingly have put up with the bombing if we could have assured thereby that the Flying Services in France would have the fullest opportunity of doing their most deadly work on the enemy.

British Air Mastery. Even as it was, the aviators did wonderful work. Long before the Germans began their push, the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. together had very decidedly got the upper hand of the Hun in the air. Very few Germans came over our side of the lines, whereas our reconnaissance and photography machines went all over the Germans' back areas precisely as they pleased. Nothing proves this better than the way in which all the enemy's preparations for the great battle were observed. While the German troops far behind the battle-line were rehearsing their assault tactics, our aeroplanes used to dive down and play a very much unrehearsed part in the performance with their machine-guns. Coming down to ground-level in this way means giving the upper berth—which is the attacking position—to every enemy within miles, and the pilot who does so must be mighty sure of his superiority in speed and skill and climbing power to any possible enemy before he thus exposes himself to being taken at a disadvantage.

The R.F.C.'s Last Week. The most cheering note in all the recent official communiqués has been the wonderful success of the R.F.C., to which one ought now, presumably, refer as the Royal Air Force. Still, it won the command of the air as the R.F.C., and to the R.F.C. must belong the credit of the successes in the big battles before Easter. When one considers how those youngsters flew day after day, hour after hour, emptying their machine-guns and plugging their bombs into the thick of the German masses, returning over and over again for more bombs and ammunition, generally flying close to the ground through the thick of our own and the enemy's artillery barrage, so as not to waste time and petrol climbing over it, one is forced to wonder how and why any of them got back at all. Much as all of us regret the Corps' losses, it is to be congratulated on its losses being, comparatively, so small. And, above all, the R.F.C. is to be congratulated on terminating in such a blaze of glory its last week of separate existence.

Navy's New Air Policy. The R.N.A.S. likewise deserves congratulations on the way in which it has been winding up its separate career. The stories of the scraps in the

Heligoland Bight sound like the beginning of real naval flying. It has taken the Navy—or perhaps it would be fairer to say the Admiralty—a long time to realise how really necessary aeroplanes (which, of course, include seaplanes) are to any modern fleet's existence, and this action is so purely naval that one has great hopes for the future activities of the naval branch, or wing, or whatever it is to be called officially, of the Royal Air Force.

The R.N.A.S. Over Land.

Hitherto, apart from hunting submarines round our own coasts, in the North Sea, and in the Mediterranean—at which job the R.N.A.S. has done much more valuable work than most people realise—the work of the R.N.A.S. has actually been only of a semi-naval nature. The bulk of its D.S.O.s and D.S.C.s have been won by purely military flying in Flanders and in France. Fighting squadrons of the R.F.C. have worked directly under General Officers in the Field all the way from the Somme to Dunkirk. Bombing squadrons have operated from Dunkirk against German positions in Belgium, and from aerodromes in eastern France against munition centres in Lorraine and in Germany.

The R.N.A.S. on Many Fronts.

In the Eastern Mediterranean, an R.N.A.S. squadron provided the Army's only flying service in the Gallipoli campaign; and for a long time the R.N.A.S. did most of the flying in the Balkans, besides bombing Constantinople and Adrianople. In the Palestine campaign R.N.A.S. seaplanes, operating from sea-plane-carrying ships, did pure land work in bombing railways, photography, and reconnaissance over the Holy Land. In Mesopotamia for months R.N.A.S. seaplanes and land machines did all the work, except what was done by a skeleton squadron of the Australian Flying Corps. In German South-West Africa and in East Africa the R.N.A.S. did all the preliminary work, till the South African aviators got going properly. In fact, until about twelve months ago the mileage of the R.N.A.S. over land was probably greater than its mileage over the sea. Altogether, the R.N.A.S. has a very fine record for personal gallantry and for collective good service to the King, and, except in numbers, it cannot be fairly said it is inferior to the R.F.C. May the history of the new R.A.F. be as distinguished as that of its component parts has been during their short existence.



A NOTABLE AIRMAN TRAINING OFFICER IN AMERICA: LIEUTENANT THEO. MARBURG.

Lieutenant Theo. Marburg, Junior, who is in charge of a Training Corps in New York City, is the son of a former Minister to Belgium, of the same Christian name, Theodore. He was at Oxford when the war broke out, and got a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. He lost a leg while flying, and has since then for a second time qualified as a pilot.

Photograph by S. and G.



A V.C. WHOSE HONOUR WAS FIRST ANNOUNCED TO THE MEN OF THE OFFICER'S SQUADRON BY THE KING PERSONALLY, WHILE IN FRANCE: CAPTAIN JAMES BYFORD MCCUDDEN, V.C., D.S.O., M.M.

Captain McCudden was gazetted V.C. on April 2. The opening sentence of the official notice was very unusually worded: "For most conspicuous bravery, exceptional perseverance, keenness, and very high devotion to duty." It proceeded as follows: "Captain McCudden has at the present time accounted for 54 enemy aeroplanes. . . . On two occasions he has totally destroyed four two-seater enemy aeroplanes on the same day, and on the last occasion all four machines were destroyed in the space of 1 hour and 30 minutes."

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Company.

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THE Lanchester

CAR OF THE FUTURE

DISTINCTIVE and elegant in external appearance ; it will compel the admiration that has always been afforded to Lanchester Cars. Many of its mechanical features have been handed down from the pioneer days and have stood the test of time and the greatest test of all—War Service. It is a typical Lanchester production and one that will be in great demand when its manufacture becomes possible.



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Call and Inspect, or Write for Prices, Post Free.

Specialists
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80 Years.

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LANCE-CORPORAL
S. J. BIRCHALL,

Late ROYAL ARMY
MEDICAL CORPS,

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

"Being one of the 'Contemptible little Army' which arrived in France in August, 1914, I thought it would be of interest to you to learn of the staying power and benefit I obtained through taking your splendid tonic 'Phosferine' during the strenuous days of the unforgettable 'Retreat from Mons,' and the battles of the Marne and Aisne, when the strain on those engaged was terrible in the extreme.

"I was a member of the No. 10 Field Ambulance, 4th Division, and know only too well the enormous pressure of work that fell on the shoulders of the Royal Army Medical Corps during that time. We were working night and day continuously, with the result that everyone was completely run down; and it seemed impossible to 'Keep going.' One of our men had a bottle of 'Phosferine' in his haversack, which he shared with me, after which I obtained some for myself, and found that it put new life and vigour into me. I have since been invalided home, suffering from varix, but my nerves and digestive system are absolutely sound, thanks to your splendid tonic. Having gained such benefits from it, I feel I must recommend it to all the boys who are leaving 'Blighty' to go into action, for they will find a bottle kept in their haversack a friend indeed."

This experienced ambulance Corporal knew Phosferine would reduce his risks to a minimum, but actually it was his remarkable freedom from the strain, ill effects, and hazards of Active Service which moves him to acknowledge the great debt he owes to the splendid vitalising properties of Phosferine.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

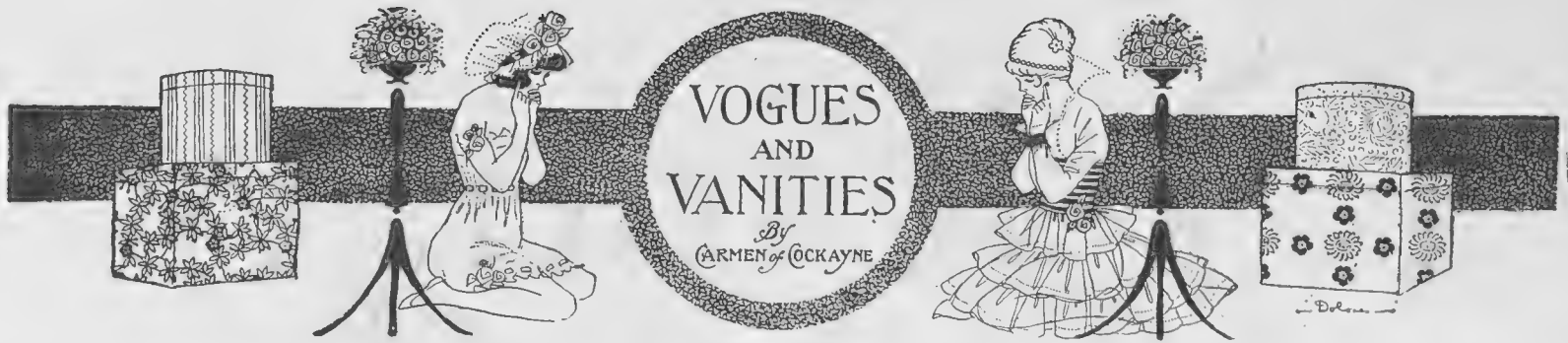
Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



How Fashion Scores.

As a woman, I can't help being pleased at the way Fashion manages to get back on her critics. No sooner do they show signs of being more than usually censorious than she comes along with some amazingly practical invention which invariably has the effect of making their criticisms appear singularly foolish and ill-informed. It was only the other day that the "grousers" were gloomily prophesying that the "spring fashions" would open out fresh channels for extravagance to women—quite forgetting that the best way to make woman spend more than is necessary on her dress is by trying to make her wear what she does not like. And now that the dreaded thing has become a fact it has happened, as it usually does, that their fears were totally ill-founded. More than that, the latest kind of coat—and everyone will admit that a coat of some sort is something one positively cannot do without—is so essentially practical that it would be hard, except on the score of its novelty, to find a word to say against it.

The Leather Coat.

If shoe-leather is rationed, coat-leather apparently is not. Fashion, at any rate, has proved herself a clever "hoarder" in this direction, and is now busy issuing leather coats of all colours as a protection against winds that can still be chilly though the clocks have darted forward to summer time. It doesn't sound pretty, and hardly suggests comfort, though, as a matter of fact, this particular mode combines the *chic*, the useful, and the convenient in the most satisfactory possible way, and, as the coats are short, they are light as well as warm, which is an added recommendation now that shanks' pony is being so extensively exercised.

Of Many Colours. Joseph had, as we all know, a keen appreciation of colour. Modern woman, however, can congratulate



No amount of plain clothes and uniform can kill Eve's love of pretty things.

herself on being able to wear coats beside which his would have seemed a miserably anæmic affair. Leather is modish, but the mode is many-sided—it really does, in spite of what its enemies say, give its disciples a chance of exercising their own judgment—and, whilst it inclines to the utilitarian on the one hand, it has strong leanings towards the highly coloured and essentially artistic on the other. If you do happen to own a printed shawl of silk or cashmere, or a length of brocade that suggests a Nabob in full dress, bring it out of its tissue-paper wrappings and wear it as a wrap-over cloak or coat for all the world to see. You will have the delightful sensation of knowing that you are looking thoroughly fashionable and picturesque without having spent an undue amount in reaching that much-to-be-desired goal.



Sleeves these days hold original views.

The Luck of Youth.

The only drawback in connection with present modes is the fact that youth seems to be some directions. We would all, since Fashion decrees it, be thin if we could. Dressmakers can do a great deal, but they can't always treat an undue amount of "adipose deposit" in such a way as to make it "seem as though it ain't," and the prevailing fondness for the girlish frock that falls straight and loose from the shoulders at the back is rather trying to the woman who, besides having been planned by Nature on a generous scale, is beginning to show her years on her face. Mutton dressed as lamb deceives nobody, and it is a little hard to find oneself having to choose between adopting a form of camouflage that fails in its object or of more or less holding aloof from modes as they are. However, the *couturière* is nothing if not enterprising, and is certain to evolve some means of overcoming the difficulty before long, and so save women from hours of anxious thought on how, though fat, to be fashionable without looking fatuous.



A "shell"-shaped toque has black wings.

Jumper Jottings.

The one-piece frock undoubtedly stands first favourite in feminine favour to-day. It is *chic*, as all women of intelligence demand that their clothes shall be, and saves an infinity of time and trouble, which, even more than its fashionable qualities, would ensure its popularity in these busy days. Still, the jumper and the blouse are not wholly shelved; and the jumper, as befits its general-purposes character, is busy assuming fresh forms for the emergencies which will arise with the new closing order and the changes in social life that it will involve. One of the latest models has a panel back and front, but is short at the sides like a blouse, and, like the blouse, the jumper is inclining more and more to the two-colour effects towards which coats and frocks alike are gravitating. A short, sleeveless jumper is another notion that springs, I imagine, from the practical and thrifty brain of some *couturière* determined to show that Fashion can "do her bit" as well as anyone else. It is meant for wearing over a blouse or frock which, though its best days may lie behind it, is still capable, with a little outside help, of doing yeoman service.

We greatly regret that, owing to a photographer's error, a portrait of Lady Lawrence, wife of Sir William Lawrence, Bt., of Burford, Dorking, published in our Issue of March 27, was incorrectly described as being that of "the wife of a recently created Peer, formerly Sir Joseph Lawrence." We offer all apologies to the parties concerned for any inconvenience caused by the mistake.



There's nothing like checkered charm for spring wear. This suit is grey, and grey and black.

Originality in Fabrics

FOR LADIES' WEAR

THESE Fabrics are particularly suitable for war-time wear. The bold design and vivid colours make it unnecessary to use any elaborate trimmings—in fact, they look their best in a simple make-up; they are, therefore, economical from first to last, and on truly appropriate lines for present conditions.

Sefton Fabrics are devised in the extreme of fashion, and are remarkable for their big and bright decorations—features which, unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce within the limits of this advertisement. Their original character must be seen to be realised.

SEFTON SHERELENE

36 in. wide, double width ...

21/- Per yd.

SEFTON SHEREVOILE

40 in. wide, double width ...

31/- Per yd.

Stocks of Sefton Sherelene and Sherevoile are carried by all high-class and Specialite Drapers and Stores in the Provinces and by the following Houses in London and District.

D. H. Evans & Co. Ltd.	...	Oxford Street
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John Sanders Ltd.	...	Ealing
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P. T. Goodban	...	Chiswick
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A popular design in Sefton Fabrics. Reproduced by photography direct from the material, showing the design in full size.

The Sefton Fabrics

Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Smart Yet Simple. These be parlous days, but British faces keep smiling, and British hearts, if sore, are high. Easter holidays, or rests, have done us all good—and, being a woman, let me add Easter new clothes have done us good too. Also, many of us have been with wounded men home from the great battle, and they have done us most good of all! For the matter of clothes, I have found them just what they should be—smart yet simple, not cheap (nothing is that in these days), but of moderate price and of good wearing quality. The skirts are much neater than the wide, stuck-out ones; and those which are tight over the hips and converge inward a little at the feet are neat and pretty, if not exaggerated. They do give a little Japanese character to the walk of their wearers, but we may cede that compliment to our loyal little Allies without concern. The spring is now an established fact, and nowhere are its inspiring effects more charmingly visible than in the salons of Debenham and Freebody.

Soft-Handed Daughters of Toil. Those brave women who have been working for their country since war began have of late redoubled their efforts. There are among them daughters of Peers, working—in at least one case that I know of—side by side with daughters of their servants. Quite a number of dressmakers are making high explosives instead of clothes. They look to resume, when peace comes, the more peaceable occupation, and are meanwhile concerned with preserving the smoothness and fine feeling of their hands. There is one way, known to many of them, which is successful—that is, the use of Ess Viotto. It can be had from any chemist, and the prices are 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. a bottle; while only a few drops need be used, after washing the hands, to keep them smooth and soft. Noblemen's girls and needlewomen alike find it invaluable, for few things are more distasteful to any woman than hard, rough hands.

It Cannot Be Killed. It is not a bit of good to try to kill the blouse. Violent hands have been, metaphorically, laid on this most useful item of our wardrobe from time to time. The coat-frock gave it a shake in popular esteem; now it is re-established more firmly than ever. The blouse, for successful wear with tailor-made coats and skirts, should itself be tailored—that is, cut and the making superintended by a skilled shirt-tailor. This is accomplished in first-rate style at Thresher's, 5, Conduit Street, the woman's branch of that celebrated firm, Thresher and Glenny's, so well known all over the world as British and best. The little extra cost of tailored shirts fitted to, and made for, individuals is far more than balanced by the long life of the shirts and the satisfaction they give right up to their last days.

Hats and Hair. To wear hats too much is not the best thing in the world for hair. I know several cases within my limited ken of anæmia of the skin of the scalp, causing bald spots, which have been ascribed to the too constant wearing of hats. When these are heavy the consequences are worse. There is not enough care given to hair in these days of stress and strain, and many hours of hat-wearing, often indoors. Rowlands Macassar Oil is so splendid a tonic and so good for the scalp and the hair that every woman ought to use it. It is easily

procurable at chemists and stores, or from Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden. Its effects are extraordinary, alike as preventative and as cure. A bald head is bad enough, but bald spots are hateful!

Will Not Catch On.

The sleeveless restaurant-coat seems to have made quite a hit. It arrived in time for a favourable place in Curfew fashions. Most women are wearing long-sleeved evening gowns now; and with a more or less transparent sleeveless evening coat—say, of black net lavishly embroidered in copper and gold, and finished with a collar of marabout in black or tawny hue—a kind of Riviera compromise between full evening and ceremonial day dress is effected. I have seen some lovely sleeveless and sleeved coats, designed with a view to our earlier hours, at Dickens and Jones, Regent Street. They are things of beauty, and look lovely, either by day or by artificial light. Some women of light and leading are considering, in view of the difficulties of transport these days, the question of wearing smart hats, as at Monte Carlo, for the evening. The drawback is that they would have to be removed in a place of entertainment, and would probably suffer in the process. Our women dislike using cloak-rooms at theatres... No!—I don't think Monte Carlo hats will catch on here.

The Enemy Beaten.

If there is a more disagreeable topic to write about than rheumatism, arthritis, and gout, I do not know it. A yet more wretched business it is to get into the clutches of these plagues, and they have made life a burden to thousands lately. Well, there is a help, and a most efficient one, in Urodonal, which can be had from Heppell's, 164, Piccadilly, branches of that celebrated firm, or from any chemists or stores. It costs 5s. and 12s. a bottle; but those who feel its benefit will not grudge four times that price. It is pleasant to take, and after the second or third day faith in it is established by feeling, and so it goes its way to complete cure, well reinforced. Men who have come back from trench warfare racked with rheumatism are now freed from it and fighting cheerily again, and they are glad and pleased to say "Thanks to Urodonal."

In *The Sketch* for April 3 we gave a portrait of Lady Hall, in connection with the Garrett Anderson Memorial Appeal, stating that Colonel Sir John Hall is chairman of the appeal and originator of the scheme. We are asked to state that Lady Hall is Chairman and Hon. Treasurer of the Memorial Appeal, which is entirely her scheme, and that Sir John has no official connection with the Appeal, except the fact that Lady Hall originated it.

In aid of the Motherhood League for Infant Welfare, Miss Violet Loraine is organising a Grand Concert at the Alhambra on April 21. Needless to say, her fellow-artists are all rallying round her to support the cause she has at heart. Amongst others appearing with her are Lilian Braithwaite, Felice Lyne, Aileen D'Orme, Phyllis Monkman, Irene Vanbrugh, Jack Buchanan, Thorpe Bates, Joseph Coyne, George Robey, Harry Tate, Ernest Thesiger, and Strosco. Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P., will speak upon the work of the League. There is an influential committee, with Lady Sydenham in the chair. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Fagan, 70, Church Street, Chelsea.



In these strenuous days we appreciate more and more the charm of negligees and rest-gowns when we get home after doing war-work; and how desirable for that hour of rest is this pale-blue chiffon jumper-coatee, with its silver collar, not to mention a silver tissue ribbon with pink roses to edge the sleeves and coat, over a pleated under-dress. For something a little less negligé, there is the robe d'intérieur on the right, in different shades of yellow, with mauve-and-gold shot roses at the neck, and the mauve-and-gold note repeated in the sash.



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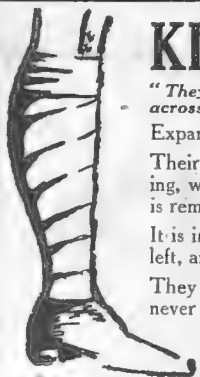
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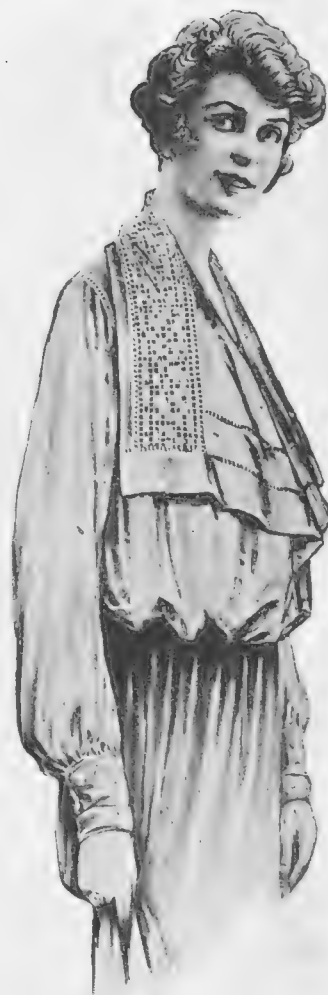
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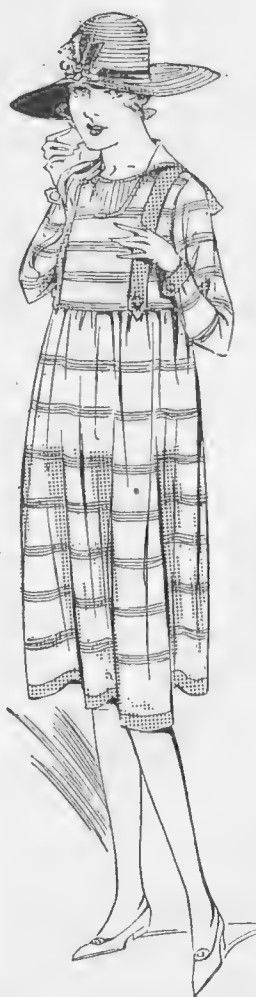
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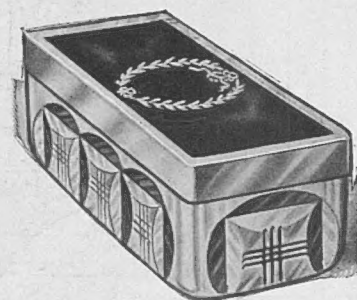
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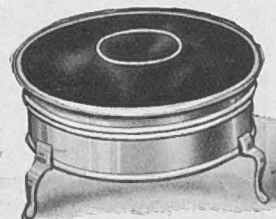
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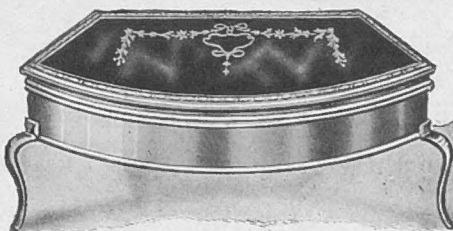
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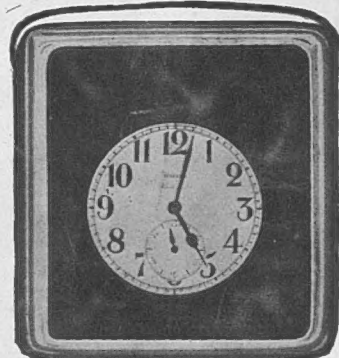
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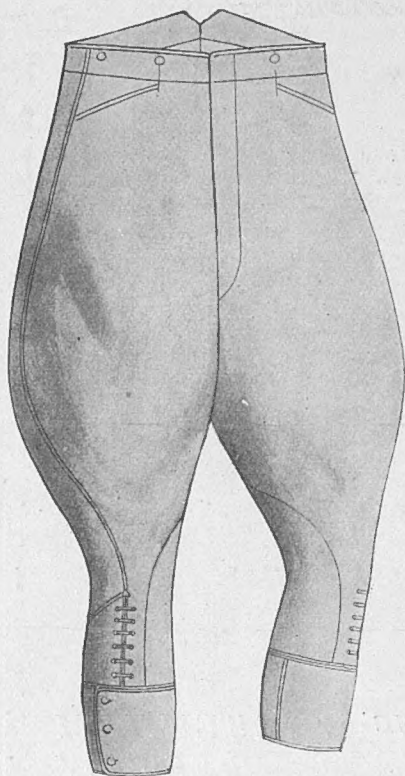


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